

THE
Nassau Literary Magazine.

WILLIAM J. BRIDELLS, EDITOR.

VOL. XXIV.

OCTOBER, 1863.

No. 2.

MAGNA CHARTA.

It was a beautiful day in early summer. All nature had assumed its cheering garb of green. The birds were singing their liveliest songs. The whole world had thrown aside its mourning robes of winter; and fresh, and sweet, and gay, with the genial breezes of spring, was preparing for the rich holiday of harvest.

Not far from the noisy din, and dirty, dusty marts of old London, half-way between Oxford and Staines, stretches a wide, green plain, then almost unmarked, now memorable and classic, whose name, "familiar in our mouths, as household words," competes for renown—though dearer, far dearer to every lover of liberty—with the famous field of the Cloth of Gold. The plain of Runnymede! What recollections, what priceless, and exalted, and eternal blessings, does the very mention recall! The Mecca of "merry England," toward which the feet of every pilgrim to the shrine of freedom tend; and as each weary wanderer presses its sacred soil, with what thanksgiving does his beating heart thrill

and leap, as the mind's eye runs back to the bright day we speak of.

It was the 15th of June, 1215, when over this spot the morning sun cast its sparkling rays, and clearing off the early mist, revealed a martial scene. Two camps, in all the panoply of defiant hosts, displayed themselves to the view. One, small, but glittering with the gaudy ensigns of royalty; the other, large, distinguished only by the stern splendor of steel armor. One, the smaller, was the camp of the base, degraded John, King of England, whose character, the strong pencil of Hume has told us, was a complication of "cowardice, inactivity, folly, levity, licentiousness, ingratitude, treachery, tyranny and cruelty;" the other, the larger, was the camp of his own rebellious, but noble and invincible, barons—men determined to be free,

"Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain."

• How differently must the breaking of that glorious morning have appeared to those different camps. It was to be a day of humiliation and bowing in the dust, to the monarch; a day of triumph and immortality to the iron-clad nobles.

• They had been encamped for several days. A delegation, at an early hour, was in waiting for the king. Though they had met by agreement, John, ever wavering and undecided, had hesitated and shrunk, at the last moment, from giving up to his nobility the rights of his prerogative. The time was fast passing, and no assistance was at hand. Should he refuse, it was his only chance; war would soon desolate his empire, and sweep him, he well knew, from his usurped and

incompetently filled position. The die was cast. The delegation entered his tent. The king, with downcast eye, and averted head, never daring, in his humbled pride, to face the looks of his warriors, who stood, "with all their armor on," before him, drew to his side the fatal parchment, that lay spread open upon a table, and seizing a pen, with the convulsive grasp of a madman, scratched his signature at the bottom, and pressing hastily the seal of England, delivered to the eager knights the *MAGNA CHARTA*.

To Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, are we indebted, in no slight measure, for this happy success. To him we owe its inception; and it was his unyielding spirit that nerved and animated the Barons in their claims. When Henry I. mounted the throne in defiance of the right of his brother, he gave to his people, as a soothing matter of policy, a charter, which conveyed to them certain great privileges, and reaffirmed the laws of Edward the Confessor; those mystical statutes, whose import is now very doubtful, but whose memory was dear to Englishmen. At a private meeting of the barons, in London, Langton produced a copy of this charter, which he had found in a monastery, and exhorted them by all his powerful and irresistible eloquence, to demand its observance from their present sovereign, and obtain a concession of the rights of humanity. A solemn oath bound them together; and it was resolved to lay before the king, after the festival of Christmas, a statement of their solemn demands. On the day appointed, the hardy barons met at London. The king, taken by surprise, replied that his answer would be given them at the festival of Easter; and as a pledge for the fulfilment of this engagement, he gave them three of his lords as sureties, and ordered them to disperse to their castles.

When the time of Easter arrived, the barons assembled at

Stamford, over two thousand knights with numberless retainers, and advanced in a body to Brackley, fifteen miles from Oxford, where the court then was. And when demand of what the liberties were, which they asked, was made, they delivered to the king, by his hostages, a schedule, in brief, of their wants, John was so enraged at what he considered their insolence, that he refused to grant them anything. The cause of this refusal was the promised assistance he had, in the meanwhile, received from the Pope. As soon as the first demand had been made, both parties had applied to the Roman Pontiff, and the party of the king had received support and favor, for John was merely the viceroy of the see of Rome, having shortly before so disgracefully and sinfully delivered up himself and people to that imperative power; and any attack upon prerogatives of the king, was, of course, an insult to the Pope.

But, notwithstanding this powerful lever had been applied to aid the cause of the king, the barons at once declared war. And so completely victorious were they, and so entirely deserted by all his nobility was King John, that no half-concessions would be taken; and he, overpowered, was compelled to arrange between them the meeting which we have described.

The deed of the *Magna Charta* is a somewhat lengthy document, securing certain vitally important privileges to the great orders:—the clergy, the barons, and the people. It would be impossible, in a brief article like this, to enumerate all the liberties vouchsafed, much less to explain their relations and importance; for they were connected with the whole feudal system and the past history of the British empire. We can but glance at the most momentous—one which is, to-day, the basis of our free institutions and of republican governments, and which affects, as it is

respected or dishonored, the lives and fortunes and happiness of mankind, through all time.

Among the rights secured to the people, we find the following provision: "No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or dispossessed of his free tenement and liberties, or outlawed, or banished, or otherwise hurt or injured, unless by the legal judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land." This was the death-blow of despots and the knell of tyranny. It was, simply, a declaration of the liberty of the citizen, and a confirmation of that old legal right, which has come down to us, from the far-off feudal times, that "every man's house is his castle." True, it was not respected—indeed, the whole charter was afterwards disregarded—but it was seed cast in good ground, destined, as ages rolled on, to bring forth healthy and abundant fruit. King after king, as they succeeded, trampled it under foot; until, finally, on the 30th of January 1649, Charles I., on the scaffold at Whitehall, was compelled, with the sacrifice of his life, to realize its eternal sovereignty. The principle is as old as the Christian era—it was the very religion of Christ. He came not into the world to save king and nobles only; but that, through him, *all* might be saved. In his mission, peaceful, and holy, and godlike, no distinction was drawn, but unto all races, and classes, and grades, was the eternal life of heaven to be given. If then, in eternity, all were to be equal, enjoying the same blessedness and immortality, how could it be right, in the pure and sinless eyes of God, that some should be bound down by the crushing weight of misery and despotism, and in death, afforded no decent burial; while others were to enjoy the riches of earth and ride to their celestial abodes in golden chariots. The divine right of kings never had existence, save in the besotted brains of tyrants; and thanks to the stern hearts and sinewy arms of those undaunted barons,

and to the many heroes who have worshipped at their shrine, long since has it been cast to the winds—a false, exploded humbug.

Fearful is it, yet true, that there is cause to doubt, whether the people of the nineteenth century, so long accustomed to the blessings which this mighty charter has conferred, are wide awake to the vitality of the liberties they enjoy; whether they, like the knights we have told of, are not growing silent, having wrested their rights from the hands of power, to the gradual, but still sure, regeneration of conquered despotism. The signs of the times are dark and lowering. All over the wide world, we see "wars and rumors of wars;" and far above their bloody strife towers the cruel form of oppression, riveting its chains upon the limbs of its innocent victims. Never was their need greater than now, that this *Magna Charta*—its history and its realities—should be studied deeply and sincerely. Its success, and weighty sacred consequences, are entitled to our acknowledgment and firm, unyielding love. Think of the exertion it has cost; the blood, the treasure, and the time, which have been expended to accomplish the triumph of freedom; and then pause and answer: Can you, silently or knowingly, lend a hand to the resurrection of slavery, to the reinstitution of tyrannical government, to the destruction of all the hopes and happiness and securities of your fellow-man; and can you sweep away, at a blow, the life-work of every age in the olden time, and consent to see committed to the flames, by the hand of the executioner, the memories of that glorious gala day, on the plain of Runnymede—the dear and holy and eternal *Magna Charta*?

THE PEN AND ITS USES.

There are certain maxims which, once heard, ever after keep sounding in our ears, and when we sit down, pen in hand, gazing into space, in the hope that there we may find that most desirable object, a theme, these old familiar faces will come up and plead acceptance—and why should we not accept them! We see no reason why the well-known pen, asserting its superiority over the well-known sword, should be left out in the cold, while we rack our brains in search of novelty. Pen, then, and sword, let it be! not much sword, because literary bodies have an aversion to cold steel, and no more pen than shall be requisite for the limits of this article.

These weapons are emblematic—the one of force, the other of persuasion; in one we hear the tramp of marshalled millions, the din of battle, the cries of perishing humanity; in the other we see the pale, studious man, sitting at his desk, wan and weary, his eye lit up with a strange, unnatural brilliancy; we know that a silent power is leaving him and mingling with the ink upon the paper; we realize that while one drinks blood the other drains the soul.

The sword, undoubtedly, has a mission to accomplish, and oftentimes a great and glorious one; but it is the pen that raises, with its silent power, the arm that is to strike the blow. In that little ink-stained minister there is a spell like that of Aladdin's Lamp. Let him but scratch it, who understands the secret of its power, and at once mighty spirits perform his bidding—nay, where are the splendid palaces, the golden pippins, or emerald pears, that can compare with the fruits of the pen? Standing in some dimly-lighted library, we may look around upon the incarnated spirits that line its shelves—we may commune with Plato, read the tale of Troy

divine, talk with dear kind old Chaucer, sit at the feet of Shakspeare, or catch glimpses of heaven with the sublime Milton. But where shall we find the power that has been sent forth by these noble minds? how shall we measure its height—how discover its depth? Silent and mighty their spirits walk among us, although often unseen and overlooked by the *profanum vulgus*.

What supremacy does the pen stamp upon the possessor—how it individualizes him and sets him apart from all other creatures! An obedient servant, it records his emotions, writes his histories, crystalizes his thoughts, and plays with ever-varying music upon the harp of letters. It is this little monitor that reveals to us that man's sympathies are spiritual—that his noble heart beats for lofty company. With it we may take aërial flights, shake hands across the gulf of ages, and converse, though separated by mountain chains. And yet, as the bright Damascus blade, in its case of curious workmanship, may serve for no other use than that of, upon parade day, tripping up the heels of its honorable possessor, so the pen may often be but the means of showing the writer's ignorance and inexperience.

Such, too frequently, is man's desire to win a place in the world of letters, that he attempts to use this small but powerful weapon in public, before he has had the requisite practice. It is not surprising therefore that under these circumstances many should fail. Perhaps it may be said by some, that if a man can think well, he will write well. This, however, is a great mistake; many men who can think and reason profoundly upon important topics, cannot write a respectable letter. Jonathan Edwards, once the honored President of this institution, attributed his success as a writer to his habit in early boyhood of composing constantly, and always reading and studying with his pen in hand.

But to return. The use of the pen is undoubtedly one of the best means of cultivating the intellect—it exercises thought, it corrects expression, it expands the mind. We frequently hear young people say that their correspondence was too large; but if that correspondence was with sensible and high-toned relatives or friends, we venture to say that it would be better to neglect almost any minor study than such a correspondence. For two persons to exchange their impression of books, of society, of what they see and hear, of what they do and feel, is a plan that no other method of mental improvement can surpass. How hard it is for most people to write a letter:—what kind of literature is more acceptable than well-written letters? how we all thank the publishers of those quaint, cheery scratches of Charles Lamb, those polished epistles of Pope, or the sunny missives of Cowper. Be assured then that the pen is the finest kind of mental discipline. It marshals our thoughts and puts them in harness. * If you have any new ideas, strange ideas, odd ideas, put them down; give your airy nothings a local habitation and name. Thus you will discover new veins of thought; your little pen will become a Columbus to you; worlds within will be brought to light, vast in their richness and variety. It cannot be possible that even the Myriad Minded knew all that filled his soul until the pen revealed it; therefore mark down your thoughts and crystalize your fancies.

The pen is also a great companion and consoler. With it we may commune with ourselves, give vent to our emotions, feelings, passions. When the heart is dry, and the tears will not come, and your pent-up feelings labor for deliverance, whisper them along your pen, make your hopes*and your pen your lover, your confident, your refuge. Have you never heard of persons who could not dispense with the use of the pen. To genius, to passion, to all welling up of feeling from the heart, it must be almost an angel-minister.

The great difficulty with beginners in using the pen, appears to be, that instead of being natural in this art, they start in an unnatural manner; instead of choosing some subject with which the beginner may be familiar, one on which he has been burning for some time to give his friends *a piece of his mind*, he soars to lofty flights and matters most profound.

Jones, Brown, and Smith, have written elaborate essays on Geology, Metaphysics, or Political Economy; therefore Jenkins, the new candidate for authorship, must do likewise; but it so happens that the three first-mentioned individuals have thought on nothing so long and deeply as on the subjects upon which they wrote, and therefore it is very natural that they should wish to give their thoughts to the world. But alas! poor Jenkins, you have never given a moment's thought to either of the aforesaid subjects, and therefore it is very unnatural for you to likewise wish to enlighten the public. The early writers, and even those of modern days, who have the stamp of genius, owe nearly all their success to their natural and unstrained style. True, we cannot expect such harmony and beauty as they produced, except it be in bright exceptions, yet we think every man has enough talent, if properly brought out, to make at least an acceptable writer.

"It is an important thing," says a modern writer, speaking of life, "*To start right*,"—this is the idea that every champion of the pen should have when first he endeavors to wield it. If this plan be adopted, the country will not want for forcible and original writers, and the new aspirants for literary fame will not be doomed to see their works neglected and forgotten.

IN THE EVENING TIME.

When Evening cools the balmy air,
And when the woods are clothed in brown,
When hazy grows the landscape fair,
And Nature wears a twilight gown;
The murmurs of the village bell
Far distant, charm my listening ear,
'Tis then the plaintive heavenly knell
Sounds many a long—a last farewell.

I am alone—alone I hear
At break of day, the lark's clear song;
Alone, I see the forests sere
Waving their countless leaves—a throng.
The slow meandering brook purls by,
The willows drooping shade its bank,
A tear oftentimes makes dim my eye,
Alone I am—they in the sky.

Oh! I have had a mother's kiss,
And a mother's heart once beat for me,
And I have felt what loads of bliss
Dwelt in the words, "love tenderly."
But, as the violet's closing eye
Opes once again at morning dawn,
Love lives anew, though here it die,
Love dying, lives up in the sky.

O Eventide! sweet Eventide!
When tinkle bells from lowing herds,
When the wide landscape seems more wide,
When love expresses love in words.
Oh! thou art dearer far to me
Than morn arrayed in sparkling light,
For thou dost teach humility,
And what I am—and ought to be.

FNANMA.

THE SPIRIT OF CRITICISM.

Probably throughout the varied and extensive list of circulating proverbs, none contains in it more of truth than the simple declaration, "To err is human." As long as a corrupt nature is in our possession, as long as within us there have been planted seeds of depravity, that must germinate and produce after their kind, so long will defect and incompleteness be stamped upon our every movement. The pure original image has been lost, and must be restored, ere we can hope to approximate to the noble and true. Perfection has never had its dwelling upon the earth, save in Him who was its very embodiment, and hence all that we are capable of doing, is somewhat to shorten the distance between ourselves and the pattern set up for our imitation; to lead, as it were, a life of gradual approximation, to be warmed and vivified by here and there a scattered ray from the golden sun of Truth. God alone is immaculate, and Humanity is doomed for ever to bear upon her forehead, the deep wrought brand of Imperfection. Thus we see, that as our actions and words are but the mere outward expression of the thoughts and feelings within, they must of necessity be fringed with a dark hue, and as life's stage is a public and conspicuous one, so must these actions be open to inspection, and invite the assent or rejection of the multitude. Opinions are formed, judgments are made, and by these must we stand or fall.

The object of true criticism, then, is to rectify that which is wrong, to make the crooked straight, and to lead the wandering into paths of light and joy. Natural gifts and talents to some extent, but education and training to a much greater, draw a wide line and open a deep chasm between

different classes of men. As in an extensive tract of country, the sloping hill, the rolling valley, and the level plain, all go to make up the landscape, so in society we can discern height and depth, sunshine and shadow, different grades in the region of mind. Among all these diverse and widely distinct courses, criticism points out one, preferable to the rest, her standard is erected, and in our endeavours to reach it, she gives a helping hand, rebuking when we swerve from the right, and encouraging every true effort. This spirit is in the highest sense a desirable and praiseworthy one, as it keeps distinctly in view the progress of good principle, the supporting of those in need of aid, and the lifting up of Humanity to a higher and more exalted level. It is true, that each one might become his own corrector, were it not for the evil influence of Pride. Self has such a powerful hold upon the entire man, that it would overlook grievous error, and lead unconsciously to erroneous conclusions. The prayer of Scotia's child of nature becomes us all:

"O would some power the giftie gae us,
To see oursel' as others see us,
It would from many a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

It is not more difficult for the leopard to change his spots, than that a person without prejudice or bias, should look his every fault square in the face. The false judgment of ourselves is woven into our very being. It constitutes a part and parcel of us, and its dictates are loud and imperative. To see the danger of submitting ourselves to such a pilot, one has only to mark the effect of flattery on men—that poison than which there is not a more effective one made use of, for the accomplishment of an end. One has formed of himself or his works an exaggerated estimate, and while he is glorying in his superiority, he has a host of parasites to do him reverence and homage. They perhaps have an

object in view,—men of whom it has well been said, that “they trample on Self in small print, to gain Self in capitals,” however he imbibes the largest dose, and with his feelings worked up, and his views of himself confirmed, he ascends into the dignity of a hero at once, and looks down condescendingly upon his inferiors. How often do we see men of extraordinary powers, and of marked ability, the mere tools and menials of flattery, who can be twisted and turned in almost any direction.

This, then, settles at once the fact that partiality forbids any man being the proper judge of his own capacity. Indeed Providence has so ordered it, that of necessity we must to a certain degree be dependent on each other. The machinery of the world is so compacted and arranged that all the wheels and portions have their appropriate functions, and sustain to each other a close and vital relation, so that the movement of one affects the movement of the whole. We cannot, if we would, absolve ourselves from this connection. There is uniting the whole brotherhood of man, a “*commune vinculum*,” which it is impossible to tear asunder. Our duty then is to act in consonance with this, and what we do to do with our might. There exists what we might call the true and the false spirit of criticism. Truth is sublime and grand wherever it is found, permeating and purifying whatever is imbued with it, and criticism, when it embodies the principle of truth, becomes at once a mighty power for good. Indeed it is only when of this character that it at all accomplishes the purpose which it is intended to secure. With it there must be mingled something of common sympathy and fellow-feeling; not that indulgence which, by overlooking and misrepresenting, thwarts the very design of it, but an entire absence of cold and stolid indifference with respect to the one criticised. Peculiarity of life and circumstances must essentially modify the attitude of the critic; for if cutting rebuke

and bitter invective is administered without regard to one's disposition, although he may merit rigid correctives, yet he is in danger of yielding suddenly to despondency; and a feeble star, which perchance would have become a bright luminary, sinks for ever into the cloud of oblivion. On the other hand, the whole truth, though bitterly oppressive, will often be welcomed, when given in kindness and simplicity of manner.

"Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily."

It is wonderful how much can be read in one's countenance and tone, when dealing out reproof, as to whether the intention of his heart is a right one, or whether, as a mere lifeless machine, he is turning out material unconsciously. No truer friend can be found than he who, with candor, and in the spirit of genuine affection, tells us of our deformity. His particular judgment may be wrong, or he may not be qualified to detect that which in our case should, beyond a shadow of doubt, be set right; nevertheless he has within that animating principle which is the life of true criticism. But as in all things human, the evil predominates, so in criticism the false spirit has the mastery, and its very end has become basely subverted. Its sacred enclosure has been stealthily entered by the monsters Jealousy and Hate, and in it they have taken up their abode. In the unpretending garb of an impartial critic, men have sent forth, as from an inner Vesuvius, streams of deadly fire, mingling, as it were, in one fatal combination, all the bitter and rancorous ingredients of which the human heart is possessor.

It is curious to see the cunning and device of corrupt minds, in disguising themselves with an unassuming dress, and as the serpent is never so fascinating as when it is about to seize its victim, so these double-faced vipers must be kept at a distance, lest we be poisoned by their slimy touch. Probably

the worst form of this false criticism is found existing in that class of persons who seem to be self-constituted authorities, and who bitterly descant upon every act brought under their inspection, making known far and wide their judgments, save to the particular one who should receive the benefit (if any) of their rebuke. Such criticism is of the lowest and most cowardly kind; so mixed with prejudice and the satiating of personal enmity, that to believe it, would be to sink under it. They would make a man so distrustful of himself, as that he would apologize for the unpardonable presumption of being in the world. Some seem to be determined to make their life miserable by dealing misery to others, and any way in which they can effect this, meets with their approval and adoption. Let one get the idea that because of his superiority to his neighbor, it is his prerogative to sit in judgment upon his every action, and measure him at every point by his own level, truly his condition is far from enviable. As therefore a perfect life can be claimed by none of us, let our efforts be for each other's advancement. Let us recognise each other as alike members of the great commonwealth of humanity, and putting our shoulders to the wheel for the progress of pure principles, make the happiness of our life consist in being true to God and to our fellow-men.

DUKE.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE—PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

To every human creature there has been given, by the great Creator of our universe, certain innate faculties and mental attributes, by which each one is to regulate his own course, as well as assist in making up the grand force which

moves, sways, and directs the tide of the world's movements in its great and constant flow and ebb. But not to every one in a like degree have these faculties and attributes been given; nor are they at all the same in nature and kind. One man is profound as a jurist, or erudite as a scholar; eminent as a statesman, or skilful as a physician; and yet there may be others distinguished also in these very respects, but not to so great a degree. So, too, there is a vast difference in the kind in which men excel, or for which they are renowned. This one may be an excellent artist, and yet know very little of the knotty intricacies of the law; and in like manner that one, whose words are attentively listened to, and whose opinions carry immense weight in the august council of a nation, may know nothing whatever of agricultural pursuits and the duties of the farmer. Now this difference of degree and kind is not limited or restricted to any class of men, to any sect, or any profession; on the other hand, it is common and universal, reaching and penetrating to all, and is exhibited in the mental, moral, and social character and bearing of every man.

The effect of the exercise of these faculties is INFLUENCE; and consequently as these natural gifts (affected more or less by education) vary in character and importance, so, also, does the exercise of them produce various effects; and hence the influences which men exert are also diverse. But, although every man does not wield as great an amount of influence as his neighbor, it is nevertheless true, that, as every one possesses some gift by nature, he must also have some influence, whether it be displayed by efficient action, or by passive inertness.

Every man exerts some influence. Having established this, let us proceed to the consideration and proof of another important and essential division of our subject, viz., that, *Every man is responsible for the influence which he exerts.*

The natural ability and genius which an all-beneficent Creator has conferred upon us, and the influence which their exercise effects, have been placed at our own disposal, and under our own control. We are left free to exert them, in whatever channel and for whatever purposes our judgment, fancy, or passions, may prompt us. It is left entirely to our own discretion, to do good or to do evil; to become famous for great, good, and noble actions, or to debase ourselves by low, vile, and degrading conduct. And therefore it follows that, as we govern and direct our respective energies and powers, that is, as we are agents entirely free and unrestricted in this matter, we too are responsible for the effects which our influence produces. For it has been proven that we all possess some influence; and if each one is not required to bear the responsibility of his own conduct, then this responsibility must fall on some ulterior power—some force beyond himself, and yet acting through himself. But this is contrary to the doctrine of man's free agency. For man thus becomes a mere tool in the hands of this ulterior power. *But there is no ulterior power*; every man's conscience tells him so; and hence the argument of personal responsibility is perfectly valid.

This point gained, let us consider the nature and character of this responsibility. For what are we responsible? and to whom do we owe this responsibility?

The first of these questions does, indeed, admit of a manifold answer, and a complete enumeration of its various component parts would require a much more extended recital than the limits of our essay will admit; we must, therefore, be content with a brief statement of the principal parts.

We are responsible, then, for *what we do*, and for *what we do not do*—by commission and omission.

What we do, includes all things in the accomplishment of which we have exerted our influence, whether in a channel

good or bad, moral or immoral, righteous or unrighteous. And these things are either devotional, political, social, or personal in their nature. What we do *not* do, comprises both restraint, by positive refusal, and omission, from sheer carelessness. The former will generally be found to be prompted by motives which are noble and laudable, as well as from a desire to prevent mischievous results. The latter is simply a neglect of the various duties and responsibilities obligatory upon us.

But to whom do we owe this responsibility? To whom are we answerable for all these conformities and non-conformities? Here the answer is twofold—to God and to man. The most weighty and important responsibilities which we are called upon to bear, are those which every man, as a creature, owes his Creator. For he has, of his infinite goodness, showered upon us such an innumerable multitude of mercies and blessings, that we are placed under the most binding obligations to act, speak, and think, in such a manner, as to promote his honor and glory as far as it lies in the utmost strength and power of each one of us; and when we have done our very best in this matter, we have accomplished very little towards lessening the awful weight which this responsibility imposes.

But we are also responsible for the influence which we exert over our fellow-men; and here we must place ourselves respectively in the positions of an individual, a citizen, an officer, (executive, judicial, or legislative,) and a member of society. From each of these stand-points, (and there may be more,) must we contemplate the responsibility of man to man, and of one generation to another. The vision will appear in very many phases, embracing the influence which every one exerts in his every-day walk and conversation; in his business transactions and commercial intercourse; in his political actions and constitutional observances; in his deci-

sions, judgments, ordinances, and enactments, as an officer of the law; and in the social circle, as also his conduct with regard to society's requirements, conventionalities, and observances. In these respects is man responsible to his fellows.

We have now gone over (imperfectly though it be) the whole ground embraced in our theme, and it only remains for us, briefly, to state the *moral*, which this consideration enables us to deduce.

As each one possesses a certain degree of influence, let him exert it with a careful and considerate appreciation of the responsibility which its possession entails, always remembering that the greater the influence which he wields, the greater also are his obligations to God and to man. Let no false, misapprehended notion, lead him in a perverse and wicked way; but having fully determined what is RIGHT, let him exert all his powers for its accomplishment, and there will be no responsibility to fear.

VIRTUS.

PARTING FOR EVER.

Under the trees
In a summer rain of shining pearl,
Two hearts were sunk in grief,
Swam in its whirl.

They were parting—
No word that he might speak, or she could hear,
Would make his love more strong
Or her's more dear.

Their lips had met—
Were joined in wild, enraptured kiss;
Her eyes from his drank in
Sweet conscious bliss.

Leaves trembling shook,
That, hanging far above, had heard their sigh,
And felt these hearts beating
That last good-bye.

The birds above
In kindest sympathy stopped their song,
To sing, when lovers weep,
Tunes surely wrong.

Thoughts came and went
Like lightning flitting o'er the summer's cloud;
She trusted all to him,
And he, how proud!

"No more to meet!"
Those words drove all her joy away so far,
The future dark hung out
No hoping-star.

Nor as he spoke
And said, "Remember me when far away!"
Could she then realize
A parting day.

But there she clung,
Like ivy winding 'round the sturdy oak,
Until his last sad words
Her young heart broke.

Then on his breast
The little startled fawn lay down to die,
While heaven hung with black
The weeping sky.

SIGMA.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

The world is full of the devices of human wisdom, knowledge is running to and fro in the land. Science, the handmaid of Religion, is stretching out her fair hand towards all nations. We live in an age which affords facilities for improvement, the like of which the world has never seen. Our common schools, our academies, and colleges, are thrown open equally to all; and the son of the humble contends in lawful and laudable competition with the son of the great.

But more than this, it is an age in which *moral worth* is more thought of, commands a higher price in the market, than *mere wealth*; in which a clear head, and a good heart, are more highly esteemed than a full purse with an empty mind. True, wealth possesses a *seeming*, and with some a *real* power. It has its charms, it has its claims; but alas! that any should so abuse the high qualities of the soul as to yield to it an ignoble, cringing homage, for its *own sake*. Give to it all the respect which courtesy and kindness ever call for, but lower not the standard of manly independence; no, not an iota. But, removing all that is merely superficial, it will be seen that moral excellence is justly accounted to stand in a higher rank than any outward circumstances. See that young man of good character toiling up the hill of knowledge; a host of difficulties throng his path; a lion is in his way, for *poverty* drags its gaunt form before him, and threatens the destruction of his cherished plans; but a host of *friends* cluster around him with the devotion of true hearts, and generously sustain him; so that he may go onward in the accomplishment of his purpose with a light heart and indomitable energy. Under this genial influence he presses his course to the end through many an obstacle and many a trial.

Money is most lavishly spent for outward show, for mere tinsel, for the adorning of the exterior, so as to attract the eye of others; and with some this passes current in the streets. There is also a sickly sentimentalism, a feeble affectation of excellencies, an *assuming* the possession of *noble virtues*, which covets frequent opportunities to display itself before the world. It has its admirers, it has its imitators. It is too true, that much of that which now courts admiration, which dazzles the eye, which pleases the fancy, and which too much commands the servile obedience of some, is merely external, the shell without the kernel. Far too many are captivated by a showy exterior, a dashing appearance, the mere glitter; and oftentimes when there is no inward excellence, no loveliness of spirit, no greatness of soul to correspond with it; the *blossom*, but not the *fruit*. This is, indeed, one of the greatest reigning faults in the whole framework and constitution of society, and there cannot be too much said or written against it. It is acting like the child, pleased with the glistening, radiant beauty of the *shell*, but never thinking to look for the still more beautiful and radiant pearl within it. It is like admiring the stately, well-garnished and perishable palace, but bestowing not a thought upon the still statelier, imperishable inhabitant thereof. Nay, it is a perversion of that which is the true order of things; "honor to whom honor is due," is the rule of the Divine government, which concerns itself with the heart, and not the outward state, and it should be the motto of the human also.

But what is true of some in this respect, is not true of all. Beneath all this erroneous view, and alongside of it, is the deep, broad current of opinion, of the controlling masses, which regard moral worth as the test of character, position, and influence. And if to this there be added a comprehensive, intellectual mind, the possessor will sooner or later succeed in overcoming the obstacles of poverty and rank,

and rise to that dignity and splendor of influence which these were designed to give. This feature of our nation, and of our age, affords such encouragements and inducements, that none need despair.

It is an age of progress in all that is really good. True, some errors are still sweeping onward in their devastating course, carrying along with them, in their tumultuous current, a host of adherents; and vice, in its hydra-headed forms, takes captive many who otherwise would be an ornament to society, and a blessing to the world. But, however sad is the spectacle of single cases which meet the eye, or which might be gathered up from the great theatre of human woe and misery, and held up in dismal but thrilling pictures before your minds, it is nevertheless true, that the march of truth and goodness, through all those mighty agencies which are now in operation for the lifting up of the creature to companionship with excellence and with God, is onward, glorious, triumphant. And whatever may be the appearance to the eye of man, let it ever be remembered, that above all the strife, and darkness, and turmoil, of this scene of clashing interests, there is a hand which directs and controls all the issues, and an omnipresent eye which will bring order out of confusion, light out of darkness, and overruling glory out of present dishonour. Without this knowledge, that the resistless power of Omnipotence, before which the earth will melt, and the heavens roll together as a scroll, will overrule all things to the eternal triumph of truth, all faith would droop, energy wither, and hope restrain itself from its long aerial flights on the silver wings of desire. But with this knowledge, we behold upon every cloud a silver lining, and in every dreary discouragement, the finger of the King of Nations pointing to victory, and to the assembling on the golden pavement of heaven of that great multitude who shall shout, with palms of triumph in their hands, "Halleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

KAPPA.

UNNOTICED LEAVES.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says a distinguished writer. True, indeed; but then we perceive it not. A more tangible maxim might be taken for present use.

Humanity lies about us in our lives.

There are thousands of truths around us which we never notice. "Books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." Nature is almost redundant with silent preachers. Great rugged mountains tower with their lofty heads, to teach us the powerful lessons of stability; glassy pebbles in brooky beds, with happy wavelets tripping over their sparkling breasts, tell us the opposite. The quiet moon, beautiful emblem of constancy; the king of the forest, from the acorn up, speaking pillar of perseverance and firmness; the hillock and plain, snow and vapor, wind and storm—all carry with them their weight of information and truth. But we heed them not, as the brute that perishes, we pass indifferently along, as though we were alone, the world and nature but our menial.

Can we not stop and look?

Here, in the golden glade of the autumnal season, when nature gives us more true light than in any with which she decks her year; day after day we pass over the gently fading grass, and tread beneath our careless feet unnoticed leaves. The crackling of them in our walk is pleasant to the ear, but oh, we are blurring, destroying, step by step, the most brilliant pages of the volume of the Creator. They hang above us in beauty, they drop around us one by one, and we know them not.

Throughout all the landed surface of this extended globe are these myriads of orators to be found; they are scattered

broadcast at the feet of every nation and every tongue. Princes, potentates, slaves, and starving poor, meet them at their very doors, and tread them out—how unnoticed, how unheeded!

That which others stamp upon with cold neglect, cannot we of all this vast concourse take to ourselves. The very plurality of them evinces their untold importance. Not alone can we gaze in rapture, and glean from them the solemn teachings of the Divine mind; but all in every land, if they will but look, may behold glories unthought of, within the depths of their every forest, and by the sides of their chosen streams. But no, their eyes are blinded, for they will not see. Thus all of us, chained by our selfish minds, see nought beyond our narrowed, soulless circle, and these drive away our living moments back into a dead eternity, with nought to cover them but the tattered rags of our rapid selves. Unnoticed leaves carpeting each hollow ravine, painting each rugged hill-side or gentle slope, and floating away upon the heaving bosom of every stream. How numberless in magnitude! In this countless stateliness what grand variety!

Here in themselves their moving beauty lies—the varied shades which deck them as they recline so calmly upon their grassy couch, those delicate tints which artists have for ages in vain attempted to portray. What shall we say of them?

If the practised pencil of skilled painters have signally failed, where shall the pen of the literary novice commence? How glorious they appear, lying in careless ease upon their mother earth! Representing each its parent stem, the droppings of the sturdy oak, the stately hemlock, the slender ash, the maple, poplar, beech, and all the long array of noble trees, well represented by these leafy indices, which tell no truant tale.

We note in every leaf a different shade. Thick, heavy

leaves, fade not so soon as weaker ones; so tracing down, we find a lighter shade, and lighter still, until we reach the leaves of frail and slender trees, which are so weak and colorless, as to seem just ready to fall apart. As are the trees, so are the leaves; their strength or weakness is borne down even to these little wind-tossed messengers, and shown as plainly as in the settled trunk. Time deals with all alike. Some are soon vanquished; a week, a day, an hour, will quite suffice to end their term; while others are more ruddy, and resist him well. Eventually, he conquers all, and beneath his heavy hand they bend, bow, wither, and quietly die away.

The leaves that remain have a ruddy tinge,
A sere and a yellow glow;
Just barely hanging upon the boughs,
Or bespangling the grass below.

They are dropping, dropping, one by one,
And a gloom o'er my heart is cast;
For each one sings, as it gaily falls,
"The autumn is fading fast:

"The autumn is fading—hour by hour,
It gently passes away;
We linger long on its silvery verge,
To utter its parting lay."

Leaves are but types of men. In spring-time they blossom, strengthen, and grow into midsummer maturity. The glare of the dazzling sun, the sprinkling of the refreshing rain, is bestowed equally, and in the fulness of life exist but to be enjoyed. The midsummer strength and beauty presently passes by, and autumn comes. The finger of time marks them for his own. They swing to and fro in the air of time, wither, and silently fall upon the grassy sod of old age. Lingered along, they shed their varied tints, dark or golden, upon the placid landscape. There the leaf from the tree of a misspent life, faded, worn, and unable to raise its drooping

head; there the brilliant leaf from the life of faith upon the Son of God, strong and beautiful even in decay; there from the tree of self-esteem, of morality, hypocrisy, sin, righteousness—all plainly betokening the strength or weakness of the source from whence they sprung. The winds of heaven toss them hither and yon; some are trodden down, and ground to the earth by the heel of adversity; others remain, and wither quietly away, while all soon mingle with their native dust.

As the little leaves that fade upon our pathway spring up again in early spring, with brighter hues and renewed vigor, so shall we, in the opening spring-time of eternity, arise again in cloudless immortality, enrobed in vestments white and pure, and in living vigor and eternal strength, to be completely and for ever joined to the omnipotent Source of all.

Q.

SELF-CONCEIT.

Wherever men are brought together, either in large or small bodies, for the purpose of education, or business, or pleasure, we must expect to find a great many phases of character, a great many peculiarities of mind and disposition. Some we find to be noble, agreeable and attractive; others, mean, disagreeable, and repulsive. Among the latter class, together with many other obnoxious features, may be found that strange, unnatural element, commonly called Self-conceit, which seems to me to be peculiarly odious and deserving of the severest rebuke.

Although it would be difficult to specify all the instances in which it manifests its disagreeable presence, yet the most casual observer cannot fail to notice it both in the conver-

sation, appearance, and general deportment of some individuals. Those who are so self-deceived as to be slaves to this ridiculous conceit, in all their oral communications, betray a stiffness and unnaturalness; the voice is keyed up to an unnatural pitch, and a delicate nicety of expression is sought, which, although intended to please, yet never fails to excite disgust. They try to imitate the tone and style of utterance of the great, or those they may happen to fancy, vainly supposing that they can palm off upon others the qualities which they assume. It is further seen in the ostentatious display of learning; by assuming familiarity with almost every branch of human knowledge, and venturing observations at random upon topics of which they are almost totally ignorant, as though they possessed the wisdom of the sages. It manifests itself also in the fanciful, fastidious appearance of some men; in the delicate nicety and extreme exactness of posture if sitting, and of gait if walking; in the frequent arranging of the hair, fixing of the cravat, and endless survey of the attire. Their general deportment would seem to indicate that they belong to a nobler race, and are acting as God's vicegerents upon earth. When you see them walking the street, the head swings majestically to and fro, like unto the nodding of Jupiter Olympus. This action is supposed to be owing to the softness of the material inside. It exercises a very great influence upon a man's social position; if he is puffed up with too high an opinion of self, he is prone to estimate his own ability at quite too high a rate, and, as a consequence, to undervalue the ability of his fellow-men. He thinks he knows more than any one else, and refuses to receive instruction, hence he becomes bigoted and narrow-minded. Now it is a fact too well established to admit of dispute, that that intercourse is most agreeable and profitable, where men come together on a social equality; but a conceited man considers himself a little bit

better than anybody else, how then can he admit his would-be inferiors to an equality with himself? Thus, even though talented, and in other respects capable of doing great good, he loses all that wholesome influence which he might exert upon the world, by foolishly having forfeited the respect and esteem of his fellow-men. It is closely allied to Affectation and Pomposity, indeed these latter almost invariably accompany the former, and aid in rendering their victim the more despised and contemptible. It argues, also, a want of that essential element known as common sense, for surely no right thinking man will voluntarily bring upon himself ridicule and reproach. It is never a part of that man's composition who possesses true greatness and real worth. To search for it in the actions and characters of such men as Chalmers and Newton, would be a fruitless task; for they, being truly wise and great, had arrived at that stage of mental development, from which they could see that their own attainments were but as a drop of water to the "great ocean of truth which laid undiscovered before them." The greatest men the world has ever seen, have also been the humblest.

Why does every one admire the simple, artless actions of a child? Because it assumes no airs of self-importance, follows no studied programme, and is void of all affectation. And now, having considered this characteristic in some of its relations, we ask what end a man can have in making himself an object of ridicule and hatred by all who know him. It is surprising, yet only too true, in how many ministers of the gospel and teachers of morality we are able to detect this vain conceit and silly affectation; and to such the poet expressly addresses himself, when he says:

"In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all, in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I hate
All affectation; 'tis my perfect scorn,
Object of my implacable disgust."

K.

ON THE BRIDGE.

Steadily—Steadily—

Tramp—Tramp—

As the sentry treads his weary beat,
With the roaring waters beneath his feet,
No heart to cheer—no soul to greet—
In that silent midnight hour.

Steadily—Steadily—

Tramp—Tramp—

And at every step, his heart rebounds,
As he hears the echo, which clear resounds
Thro' the old, old bridge, 'mid its timbered rounds,
In the lonely dead of night.

Steadily—Steadily—

Tramp—Tramp—

No gentle moon, no beaming star,
Gleams out from the darkened vault afar,
Not a ray of hope or light, to mar
This bleak, black stillness 'round.

Steadily—Steadily—

Tramp—Tramp—

And his heart from out of the darkness hies
To a dear little cot, 'neath the azure skies
Of his native hill; where his treasure lies—
There is no black darkness there!

Steadily—Steadily—

Tramp—Tramp—

But his soul is away from his hourly care—
He is greeting his own loved darlings there,
With their dimpled cheeks, and their golden hair,
His jewels of life and love.

Steadily—Steadily—

Tramp—Tramp—

Still, in dreamy thought, does his spirit roam
Thro' the sacred paths of his happy home:
'Tis fancy's palace—he gains the dome—
And the spell is broken there.

Steadily—Steadily—

Tramp—Tramp—

All alone—he feels with a tenfold power
The void in his heart. Hark! the passing hour
Is marked by the bell in the village tower,
And his heart is cheered again.

Steadily—Steadily—

Tramp—Tramp—

Now he merrily steps, for his guard is brief;
Unnoticed the waters dash over the reef:
The Corporal comes with the “third relief,”
And his gloomy task is o’er.

QUIGGLE.

TASTE.

By the aid of our intellectual faculties we can pursue our inquiries in almost any direction, to a very considerable degree. We can extend the limits of science as far as it has been permitted by our Creator. But unless there was some degree of pleasure connected with the cultivation of our mental faculties, science would not have made the progress that it *has* already made. That innocent pleasure which accompanies the employment and cultivation of our mental faculties, is a great inducement to us; it is a charm which, after having been once influenced, we cannot resist.

Now, this pleasure we experience through that endowment which is called *taste*. It is very intimately connected with the intellectual faculties, but is in fact simply an endowment or sensibility, by means of which we can distinguish the beauties and imperfections in nature and art; deriving pleasure from the one, and pain, so to say, from the other.

You will notice that we do not regard taste as a faculty,

for that implies the *power* of doing something, or of accomplishing some change, which is not the office of taste.

In treating this subject we will endeavor to show,

I. Its true nature;

II. Its proper objects; and

III. Its standard.

Many theories have been advocated by different writers on this subject; but after careful investigation, it seems that they can all be classed under two heads, making but *two* distinct theories.

The majority of the English philosophers, among whom are Hume, Alison, and Burke, maintain that matter is not beautiful in itself, but derives its beauty from "the condition or expression of the mind;" that what appears beautiful to one person, may appear deformed, imperfect, and even disgusting, to another. So that according to their doctrine, there can be no common standard of taste; but all tastes are equally just, provided each person pronounces that beautiful, which he feels to be so. It is, then, according to these writers, but the expression of individual sentiment, or the result of individual fancy; and every person is allowed to exalt to the rank of beauty whatsoever, in his own eyes, is pleasing.

The German, and greater portion of the French philosophers, take just the opposite ground, and maintain that taste is "simple, absolute, and immutable." Were this not the case, what inducement would there be to the artist? Indeed, if the doctrine set forth by the English philosophers was true, the fine arts would not have reached that degree of perfection which they *have* already reached, for the artist would not labor so earnestly, if he was conscious, before entering upon his work, that it would appear beautiful and pleasing to himself only. In fact, such a doctrine, if true, would be an impediment to *all* the arts and sciences.

When a person beholds some object, such as the rainbow,

and exclaims, "It is beautiful," he gives vent to an emotion, not special, but *universal*. All persons, in contemplating the unity, variety, and moral notion connected with this object, are affected in the same manner, though perhaps not in the same degree; for the amount of pleasure derived from the observation of such objects, varies by association and culture.

Now, this pleasant emotion which is experienced on beholding such objects, is occasioned by the appreciation of their beauties; and this appreciation of beauty, as we before said, is *taste*. So that taste is *not* mutable and special.

II. Its objects.

The objects which the Creator has made to awaken the emotion of taste, are innumerable. The heavens above, the earth beneath, the mighty oceans, the majestic rivers, the lofty mountains, the ripple of the brook, and the warbling of birds, together with the thousand objects that meet us wherever we turn, all minister to its gratification, and awaken within us emotions of beauty and sublimity.

But the objects which excite these emotions, like the emotions themselves, are of a two-fold character—objects of beauty, and those of sublimity. These two classes differ both in *kind* and *degree*, and can be readily distinguished from each other. Sublime objects are great and noble, and excite in the mind sentiments of awe and grandeur; whereas objects of beauty awaken calmer and gentler emotions, and the pleasure arising from them is much more lasting than that derived from sublime objects. Every one can at once perceive what a vast difference there is between the emotions awakened by the sight of a small fire, and that of a volcano, pouring out from its boiling furnace whole rivers of liquid fire; nor can there be any difficulty in understanding the immense difference in the feelings excited by the appearance of a small and

pleasant rivulet, and those excited by the mighty cataract of Niagara. The one is beautiful, the other sublime.

III. Its standard.

The question has frequently arisen, whether a standard of taste is possible?

When we compare the taste of childhood to that of youth and manhood, and the taste of civilized men to that of savages; and when we note the vast difference in taste, even in the civilized world, we are, at first, inclined to think that there can be no common standard. But, after reflecting for a moment, we see the absurdity of such a belief. When we see the common classes preferring ephemeral novels to the works of Milton and Shakspeare, or an ordinary song to a beautiful opera; and when we note that some forms and colors are more agreeable to mankind than others, and that some modes of thought and expression are pleasing, while others are harsh and painful, we begin to think that there must be some standard by which all can be judged.

What, then, is the standard? Is it a system of arbitrary laws dictated by authority, which all the works of art must imitate, and by which their merits must be decided? Certainly not. But it is "the concurrent tastes of the majority of mankind." Among the different civilized nations, in all ages, there is found to have existed a general agreement on certain questions in aesthetics, and from this it is inferred that as mankind possess similar faculties, they also possess, to some degree, similar tastes. So that laws deduced from the general agreement of mankind, on questions of taste, will form a safe guide to the artist, and a test to our individual decisions.

VIRTUE OF PATRIOTISM.

When, in the history of nations, great events are transpiring, which call into exercise those master passions by which whole peoples are carried along as by the force of an irresistible current, it is often both interesting and profitable to examine with care the characteristics and effects of these passions, and at this time it seems proper for us to inquire into the nature of that patriotism which has within the last two years worked such wonders in our land. It is my purpose to take a brief survey of this passion in this article.

Patriotism is love for one's country.

It has its seat in the moral nature of man. The love of God takes precedence. Next in order stands philanthropy, and under philanthropy, viewed as a genus, stands Patriotism as an important species. It is a warm and generous passion, arising from the intuitive perception of truth. Here it is distinguished from a calm, dispassionate conviction, on the one hand, and mere blind instinct on the other. It is lasting, and is thus elevated above the numerous transient passions by which man is affected. It is an original and universal principle. It depends neither upon the experience of advanced life, nor the refining influence of civilization.

Time, space, sex, age, and condition, are all at fault, and fail to limit it. Perhaps it could not be more universal if it were an insidious and subtle fluid imbibed from the mother's breast, or an impalpable gas inhaled from the air we breathe. Indeed, the question of the poet is an apt one, when he asked,

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
That to himself he ne'er hath said,
This is mine own, my native land?"

Patriotism is a virtue, because it is an original, universal

principle, implanted in the nature of man by the Creator himself. In this respect it is similar to the principles of religion and self-love in man, and analogous to the instinct of self-preservation in beasts.

Again, it is irreconcilably opposed to selfishness, and all that is mean in man's nature. It calls men to the performance of duties of a high order. Under its influence they are led to the most utter self-abnegation. The soul is aroused and filled with the most generous impulses—he rushes to the performance of deeds of heroism and devotion, which call forth the unbounded admiration of contemporaries, and are handed down for the applause of generations to come.

When his country is threatened with the horrors and dangers of war, the patriot forgets himself in his eager solicitude for her welfare. He cheerfully leaves the comforts and delights of his quiet home, and despising ignoble ease, takes his life in his hands and hastens to her defence; and when peace is restored, and he is permitted to return, it is to stand as a wakeful guardian, ever watchful and anxious for her best interests.

This sentiment may be shown as virtuous by the company it keeps. Wherever religion, temperance, moderation, bravery, fortitude, frugality, prudence, or self-sacrifice are found, there will patriotism be. On the contrary, let a people forgetting to be wise, enter into the practice of vices, and the green tree of patriotism loses its pristine vigor, turns pale, and dies from the effects of the poisoned atmosphere. When Greece, in ancient times, poor and insignificant among the nations of the earth, battling with powerful foes for the very right of existence, was compelled by the force of circumstances to practise virtue, patriotism thrived, and a Leonidas could live. When Greece, proud and haughty, forgot her virtuous ways, and fell into the practice of vice, patriotism disappeared, and not even the thunder-tone of a

Demosthenes' eloquence could arouse her slumbering sons to the protection of their liberty.

The Romans in their earlier history were remarkable for their rigid adherence to the practice of the sterner duties; then Rome was unsurpassed in the patriotism of her sons. But when she became corrupted by the luxuries which flowed into her territories after her magnificent conquests, patriotism sank with manhood, and the foul crimes of a Cataline were substituted for the sublime self-devotion and lofty patriotism of a Regulus.

The object of patriotism is praiseworthy.

This is to promote the best interests of one's country. It seeks to do this by defending the country from the attacks of its enemies, external or internal, by the maintenance of its laws and institutions in their purity and vigor, by ensuring the amelioration of the condition of its citizens, and by the development and protection of its material interests. If these are its objects, how can it be other than virtuous?

Its effects are in the highest degree beneficial.

In times of peace and prosperity men become deeply involved in private pursuits, and are too often deaf to the call of duty, and forget their country in the greedy pursuit of gain, or giddy whirl of pleasure. But when danger appears, the scene changes. A wave of patriotism sweeps over the land. Man's nature seems changed. His whole being is aglow with the fires of a noble enthusiasm, which purge out the accumulated dross of years of self-seeking, and urge him forward by an irresistible impulse to the exercise of virtues of which they seemed incapable. The indolent become suddenly active; the selfish, self-sacrificing; the avaricious, generous; the vacillating, resolute; the weak, strong; the careless, thoughtful; the drunkard, sober; the pleasure-seeking, prudent; the fanatical, reasonable.

When patriotism hides her head, men in their blindness

turn themselves to other gods. The demons Mammon, Belial, Lust, Pride, Corruption, and all their hideous clan, come forth from their foul hiding-places into the broad glare of day, erect their shrines in the market-places and public thoroughfares, and marshal their devotees by legions. Then is the high carnival of vices. Now let the radiant form of the Goddess of Patriotism appear; let her temple, in all its magnificent proportions, rise on the startled vision; let the goddess wave her wand, and the effect is magical. Down into the ignominious dust in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, tumble the strange temples. Back into their execrable haunts shrink the bedazzled demons, while their disenchanted followers rush headlong to the temple of their triumphant rival. Surely this passion, which makes bad men good men, and good men better, cannot but be virtuous in its nature.

Throughout every age it has received the unqualified admiration of all good men. "*Dulce et decor' est pro patria mori,*" sang ancient Italy's lyric genius, nearly two thousand years ago; the same sentiment has been resounding from millions of responsive hearts ever since. Whose breast has not heaved, whose heart not swelled, whose eye not flashed, when reading or hearing of the deeds of a Tell, a Washington, or a Garibaldi? Who has not triumphed in the triumphs of Switzerland, of the Netherlands? Who has not suffered in the spasmodic throes of distracted Ireland, or in the desperate struggles of dissevered Poland? Who would not shriek with freedom, when a Kosciuszko falls, or hide his face in shame for his species, when a Benedict Arnold unmasks his damnable treason. Indeed, so excellent is this patriotism esteemed, that we are compelled to admire it even in our enemies; and there is also a certain kind of admiration even for those brave, honest, enthusiastic and devoted men, who, through error in judgment, attach themselves to a bad cause. There certainly was a touch of sad-

ness in our rejoicings at the death of Stonewall Jackson, and it is permitted us, like Brutus, to have tears for the man, and daggers for his cause.

Many of the benefits of this virtue have already been exhibited in this discussion, and it will only be necessary briefly to mention them here. How it drags a man from the miry pit of self-indulgence, into which the long-continued whirl of self-seeking has engulfed him—leads him, in his holy fervor for a good cause, to the abandonment of his besetting sins, and to the earnest practice of every virtue. It teaches him to be wakeful, self-denying, forbearing, patient, and hopeful. These improvements in the individual are soon made manifest in the elevation of society. Men are raised to a point far above the blinding and perverting influences of the busy whirl of conflicting passions and prejudices. It shines, with all the brightness of a mid-day sun, on the path of every honest man, enabling him to steer a straightforward course, to select whatever will prove of advantage to his country, and to reject everything baneful. The blind, fanatical partizan, relinquishes his narrow views, becomes liberal and conservative. Men forget themselves, in their zeal for the general welfare.

From these facts it must be evident to all, that patriotism is of the most incalculable benefit, if not essential to the very existence of every nation. In times of war, the strong arms and stout hearts of patriots form for her a surer defence than adamantine walls, a more potent champion than legions of hirelings, impregnable fortresses, or invulnerable iron-clads. In peace, it is the sleepless, faithful sentinel, standing guard at every avenue at which invidious enemies might creep in to fasten on the public vitals.

Since, then, patriotism is so useful, nay, so essential a virtue, how incumbent is it upon all men to practise and inculcate it! How shall we escape a dread responsibility

before men and God, if we neglect it? How, then, you ask, shall we advance the interests of this virtue?

First: by our example; by letting a pure and enlightened patriotism shine out in every public act of our lives.

Secondly: by striving to instil a sincere love of country into the heart of every one with whom we may come in contact; by exhorting and strengthening one another; by enjoining it upon our friends; by teaching it to our children.

Finally: there can be no more effectual means of ensuring the display of patriotism, than by promoting religion and education among the masses. Let men be conscientious in the discharge of their religious duties, and there is no fear but that they will recognise the claims of this virtue. Enlighten them, and you will not fail to awaken and successfully direct the germ of true patriotism. Everett, Webster, and other great and good men, unite in saying, that upon religion and the education of the people depends our very existence as free people. While these are upheld, our foundations are as firm as the everlasting hills.

Mr.

ON SELF-CULTURE.

When Socrates, closing an argument on wisdom, drew the conclusion, "Every man is wise therefore, in that only of which he has a knowledge," he meant that only by the accumulated acquisition of knowledge a man could become really wise. The truths which this distinguished philosopher proclaimed, are as well supported by the judgments of the sages before him, as they have been sustained by his successors for two thousand years; and his maxims on what we will call, for the moment, personal attainments, may be

safely adopted by the candid and the earnest. Accepting, then, his present conclusion, our attention is directed to the acquisition of knowledge.

The particular form which we intend this subject to assume, is a brief discussion of knowledge in its relations to the possessor, as contradistinguished from its relations to mankind in general. We call its acquisition *Self-culture*, and will endeavor to see what it is; why it should be acquired; and the means by which it may be acquired.

I. *Self-culture* is the employment of some labor or means for individual correction, improvement, or growth. This is the definition of *self-culture* in general; but we wish to speak of mental *self-culture*, as distinguished from the physical or moral.

Mental *self-culture*, then, is a phenomenon of the mind. It is placed under cognition, through the several processes of which it may be traced. To practise it, is to enjoy one of the highest prerogatives of man. It may be styled an increasing approximation to perfection. We say approximation, for the perfection to which it tends, it can no more reach, than traverse the realms of infinitude of the Infinite itself. Though the grand agent in the improvement of the nations, yet in the comparative progress of our fellow-men, the greatest is no greater than the least before perfection itself.

The degree of *self-culture* depends on a predetermined plan, a strong resolution to acquire it. And so in this process, strength of will will rank at least as high as brilliancy of intellectual powers.

II. In support of the proposition—*self-culture* should be acquired—we find the following proofs, here arranged in the rhetorical order of their value.

(1.) As fallen beings, we are constantly gazing toward perfection as the guiding-star in our intellectual night.

When we feel the need of becoming something better, purer, nobler than before, we are led into a consideration of cause and effect, from which we find that a careful cultivation cannot fail to ennoble us. Now, that "a careful cultivation cannot fail to ennoble us," is an *a priori* proof why self-culture should be acquired.

(2.) Do we not, when our bodies are concerned, esteem physical culture of the highest importance, and devote the greatest attention to it? For this reason, among the ancient Greeks, a nation celebrated for its skill in war and devotion to manly pursuits, the youth received their whole education in the gymnasium and palaestra, while athletes were held in the highest repute. And as the training of a lifetime was necessary to make a victor at the Olympic games, so should we devote all our time, all our powers to that mental self-culture which is to crown us victors in some future intellectual struggle.

(3.) It is related of Cicero, that even when the acknowledged champion of the Roman forum, and yet later, when at the height of his senatorial glory, he still performed the daily rhetorical exercise of his youth with the utmost punctuality and care; and more remarkable, he continued these exercises up to the very day of his death. So persuaded was the greatest orator of Rome of the importance of unwearied self-culture.

Democritus bestowed his large patrimony upon the State, that, untrammelled by domestic cares, he might pursue his favorite study of philosophy.

The gifted Fox, at one time the brilliant leader of the British Parliament, was most particularly observed to let no single fact, in his extended business, escape him, which could possibly be of use to him in his comprehensive profession.

III. A powerful aid in self-culture—this most difficult of processes—is a frequent and critical examination of oneself.

- To investigate the hidden springs of action; to scrutinize actions and question motives; to arrange and re-arrange the stores of knowledge; inspecting and analyzing; to place each article, each fact, in its own place, on its own shelf, (on the doubtless familiar Napoleonic mental drawer system); and above all, by constant practice to be able to grasp at an instant's notice, the particular article desired; these are indeed important means for a noble end.

At Delphi of Ancient Greece, there was the most celebrated oracle of the world. On its wall this apothegm is said to have been inscribed—*Gnothi Sauton*. Its Pagan author has indeed perished, but he has left his direction, an immortal fragment, ready for our hands.

(2.) The next means are observation and comparison; to collect and classify; to cull from every quarter choice material, and decide its functions and uses. It is indeed a noble field, and comprehends much under the present inquiry; but as it is the most extensive instrument, so is it the most readily seen; as it is the most simple, so is it the most easily handled.

(3.) The final means is an earnest search after TRUTH—whatever is necessary, whatever is noble, whatever is good. In heat and in cold; in deserts and floods; in pleasure and joy; in trouble and despair; your search must go on until you have bathed in the waters of that fountain which is purer than morning light.

In these thoughts we have endeavoured to show self-culture as a phenomenon of the mind, and depending for its degree on strength of will; that it should be acquired for its ennobling effects; and this is sustained by illustrious examples—and that it may be acquired by examination, observation, and an earnest search for Truth.

Let us judge it then, the greatest interest in man's advancement; his best friend in the past; his only friend in the future.

• P.

Editor's Table.

Oh for a quill equal to the touch of Midas! So sighed our pathetic soul as we dropped *instantly* into the editorial chair, and endeavored vainly to preserve a kind of equilibrium not laid down in the course of higher mathematics. No point of application is visible, yet the intensity of the force is equal to that communicated to the sensorium, by the vibrations of your bell, about quarter to seven in the morning. This is especially so, when you have nestled your head in the deep folds of the coverlets ten minutes before, and now over the pathway of budding dreams flit some nymph, naiad, or grace.

Excluding all vagaries from our mind, we dip once more our "Protean." Within the focus of one optical is secured for future encouragement the invisible prompter—invisible except to the mind's eye.

Confidence + Effort = Success.

The other, restless as an Aspen leaf, is free to roam where wildest fancy inclines it.

The feast of our table comes to you prepared over the seething of a Quarterly's cauldron. If pale faces indicate the severity of this omnivorous process—technically denominated cramming—then the great institution, Quarterly, has in part effected the object of its originators.

But pale faces are not synonymous with hard study. Men may impair their faculties, become sadly imbecile in mind, and lose their bloom from their *inactive* habits.

If the prodigious feats of "mechanical memory" exhibited on such occasions, be an adequate proof of its improvement, then the result—a perfect examination—compensates for the loss of "nature's balmy restorer," experienced during its preparation, together with crest-fallen faces and contracted muscles.

The possession of such a memory is like unto unwrought gold, and a thing not to be despised.

"But what avails such giant power
To wrest the trophies of an hour."

Rhapsodists are eminently distinguished for such attainments. History abounds with stories of their achievements.

We cannot, however, substitute a mechanical for a constructive memory.

An intelligent acquaintance with standard opinions, puts us in possession of useful power, yet cannot equal that power and importance of original opinions, which are derived from personal experience or observation. Steel may be magnetized by contact with the magnet, and a pseudo power of attraction be imparted. The Loadstone alone possesses the original power, and can be made to impart it to inferior substances, in proportion to the texture of the material to be magnetized.

Quarterly, then, in these respects is a failure. Out of it has grown two increasing evils.

The first one is rather neoterick, we confess—quarterly is over, hurrah! and your auricles catch the pleasant sounds, "Are you going home?" So oecumenical has it become, that one-half the number of fellow-students go home on "pop visits." Four days leave of absence are granted—a week taken—and three days more are required on your return, to become domesticated. The pleasure of your visit is succeeded by the pain of a week and a half's accumulated lectures and recitations. Those who remain must close up the decimated ranks, and bear the blunt of the class-room battles. Going home, then, while the college curriculum is rolling on, is prejudicial to discipline.

The second evil resulting from this system is—many regard it as a substitute for daily preparations. The Herculean task of acquiring facts, which underlie the laws that govern beauty, and those principles which should regulate human conduct, is with them a legerdemain practice. Presto, change! *multum in parvo*, and they have accomplished the task. A month elapsed, this knowledge is required for use—the pen is in hand, the eyebrows contract, the mind is set to work, but lo! it has vanished like a mirage in the desert. Underclassmen give heed! Independent of the *Auto de Fa* torturing of the brain, is the enervating result—mental dyspepsia, or distaste for mental exertion. Be the soul of example. Strive to deserve and to gain a higher, nobler state of mind.

The sad lot of recording the demise of a fellow-collegian has devolved upon us.

We allude to John L. Thompson, a member of the present Junior Class, who virtually sacrificed his life in the cause of humanity and freedom—not a victim to the hand that impelled the steel, but fell disease, contracted while defending his native soil from traitorous feet.

Fifteen months ago he graced with his presence the identical hallowed walls, which, at that time, encircled the life and beauty of commencement-day, where to-day his requiem was sung.

We transcribe entire the resolutions adopted by Classmates, together with those of the Clisosophic Society, as better expressive of the high estimation in which he was held, than the opinion of only an acquaintance.

At a meeting of the Junior Class, held October 5th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The Almighty has seen fit in his infinite wisdom to take from our midst in the bloom of his life, our much beloved friend and classmate, John L. Thompson, of Pennsylvania: and *whereas*, it behooves us who have known him so long and so intimately, to express, though feebly, our deep sorrow at the loss we have sustained; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in his death not only we as a class, but all who have moved in friendly relation with the deceased, have met with a loss which words can but inadequately express.

Resolved, That we admire that ardent patriotism which led him in the hour of his country's need to the field, where was contracted that disease which proved so fatal.

Resolved, That the associations which have endeared him to us as a classmate have been genial and pleasant, and that his abilities, had he been spared, would have made his future creditable to himself and his friends.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his afflicted relations, and with them express a sincere hope that our beloved classmate has but left his friends on earth to meet those among whom partings are unknown.

Resolved, That we, in token of respect, wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and be published in the *Lancaster Express*, *Philadelphia Inquirer*, *New York Observer*, and *Princeton Standard*.

S. CAMPELL, JR., N. Y.

EDWARD G. COOK, N. J.

J. N. STRATTON, N. J.

G. L. SIMONSON, N. Y.

C. H. MCCLELLAN, VA.

Committee.

CLISOPHIC RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in the exercise of an infinite and mysterious providence, to remove from time to eternity our late brother,

Resolved, That the Clisosophic Society has heard with mournful hearts of

the untimely death of their lamented brother, whose noble bearing made him an object of our affections, and an ornament to our society.

Resolved, That as the bright anticipations of his relatives have been turned into utter disappointment, we do solemnly deplore their irreparable loss, and would fain soothe their sorrow by mingling our tears with theirs.

Resolved, That as a slight testimonial of our loss, and respect for our departed brother, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That the above resolutions be published in the *Philadelphia Press*, *Newark Advertiser*, *Princeton Standard*, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

VINCENT PRATT,
LEWIS B. HALSEY,
FRANK K. HOWELL,
Committee.

All honor to old Nassau! We have received intelligence of the late contest between the first nine of the *Nassau*, of Princeton, and *Resolute*, *Star*, *Excelsior*, and *Atlantic* Base Ball Clubs of Brooklyn. The result is a series of triumphs for the Nassaus, terminating in a brilliant victory, with one exception, the game with the Atlantics, which was not a full one, only seven innings being played when darkness compelled the umpire to call the game. The score was,

First match, Nassaus,	13—Resolutes, 9.
Second,	" 12—Excelsior, 11.
Third,	" 16—Stars, 7.
Fourth,	" 13—Atlantics 18.

One word about the "Mag." The want of interest manifested by an interesting class in this community is painful. College literature, it is well known, does not possess a character so enchanting as the Arabian Nights, Mysteries of Paris, etc. This is no plea for not supporting it. We owe much pleasure and instruction to the simple suggestions of its pages, and the time consumed in reflecting upon the thoughts therein expressed, comes back to us in after years with compound interest attached to the principal. Contributors nobly perform the toilsome duty assigned them. It yet remains for you, gentle reader, to encourage them. The raven makes the scanty water in the hollow of the tree rise to its beak by dropping pebble-stones into it. You who are *par excellence* in wielding the pen can, like the raven, elevate its standard by suffusing its pages with rich thought, and make it, in the language of the erudite De Quincey, the "literature of power."

THE EDITOR.